

The Daily Green Mountain Freeman.

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Poetry.

From the Rutland Herald.

Welcome Home to the 2d Brigade Vermont Volunteers.

BY A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Welcome, brothers! welcome home!
Joyfully we bid you come!
Loving hearts your coming wait,
In your own Green Mountain State,
Anxious hearts that held their breath,
While you trod the field of death.
Now your painful work is done,
Welcome, brothers! welcome home!

When the parting hand we gave
To our soldier-brothers brave,—
Going to defend the right,
Stand if need be in the fight—
Sure we were, yes, even then,
They would stand like patriot men.
Heroes now, to us you come;
Welcome, brothers! welcome home!

From the field of Gettysburg
Came to us the thrilling word—
"Battle fought!" "a victory won!"
"Brave Vermonters!" "nobly done!"
Proudly glad we greet you now,
With fresh laurels on each brow;
Haste the hours until you come,—
Welcome, brothers! welcome home!

Mingling with our welcome glad,
Come unbidden thoughts—sad;
Hearts are filled with anguish pain—
Some will ne'er return again—
Those for whom we erst did pray,—
Voices hushed in death for aye; * * *
Heartfelt tears for them we shed,
And for those who mourn their dead.

Patriot soldiers! rest in peace;
Soon may this sad conflict cease—
Honored shall their memory be
Who have died for Liberty!
Honored till the end of time,
As a sacrifice sublime,
To a noble, righteous cause—
For our country and its laws.

From the sorrowing thoughts and tears,
Turn we living hearts to cheer—
Soldiers coming from the fight;
Who have battled for the right;
Gladly now we welcome you—
Patriot brothers, brave and true,
Welcome to your green-clad hills,
As with joy each bosom thrills.

Welcome to the hearts you love,
While we praise the Lord above,
Who hath shielded you from death,
While we prayed, and held our breath,
As the storms of shot and shell
Like a hailstorm round you fell;
Now your weary march is done,
Soldier brothers, welcome home.

Father, comfort hearts that mourn
Friends who never may return,
Bless our brothers far away—
Sick, or wounded in the fray;
Bless our country,—peace restore,
Peace to leave us nevermore;
Bless our soldiers—every one;
Welcome, brothers! welcome home!

July 21st, 1863.

Miscellany.

Singular Snow Shower.

A correspondent writing from Tamworth, N. H., states that on the 15th of May, after rain had been falling copiously during the early part of the morning, suddenly, at about 8 o'clock, without any sensible change of temperature, the rain gave place to one of the most singular and beautiful showers of snow which it is possible to imagine. It commenced falling in flakes, or congeries of flakes, varying in size from that of a dime to a dollar, and some even as large as the palm of the hand. There being no movement of the air, they dropped directly, in slow and easy motion, from their laboratory in the clouds, alighting like feathers or masses of eider down, upon the green grass carpet with which the earth was overspread; until, within the space of thirty minutes or so, the whole face of nature was changed, presenting, over valley, hill and mountain, one unbroken aspect of mid-winter.

The trees being in incipient leaf, retained their portion of the fleecy burden upon the extremity of every twig, showing a close resemblance, in the open fields, to apple trees in their most perfect season of bloom, and spreading over the denser forest an investiture of purer whiteness than that of the ordinary winter scene.

A very striking and beautiful feature of this phenomenon (for such it may be called) was the appearance of the falling snow, when seen in the air, by the eye directed toward the zenith. The

flakes, or masses, were of such huge dimensions that they could be distinctly seen aloft, as far as the eye could reach, and traced without confusion in their descent to the ground; while to a more discursive view the entire hemisphere of the upper air seemed teeming with winged life.

Words fail for a description of the pleasing grandeur of this novel spectacle. There is no image in nature with which we are familiar, to assist us in the comparison. Many persons continued gazing at this scene, quite unable to withdraw attention from it as long as it lasted.

Over what area of country this curious fall of snow extended we are not advised. At North Conway, eighteen miles north of this place, and at places ten or twelve miles south of us, the appearance was much the same as here. At Jackson, in the near vicinity of the White Mountains, we learn that the snow fell on this day to the depth of six inches.

Here, however, the accumulation, though rapid for the time, was not great, as the snowing was all over in an hour. Yet in this time the ground was completely covered, and so densely that a sleigh might run with tolerable rapidity on smooth rords, as by experiment was proved, by some more romantic than the rest of us, who were fain to improve their chance of sleigh-ride in the middle of May. By 2 o'clock, P. M., the snow had mostly disappeared, and the verdure of the morning clothed the hills and vales in livelier and more brilliant hues than ever.—*Boston Recorder.*

TO A BRIDE.—The following letter was written by an old friend to young lady on the eve of her wedding day:

I have sent you a few flowers to adorn the dying moments of your single life. They are the gentlest types of a delicate and durable friendship. They spring up by our side when others have deserted it; and they will be found watching over our graves when those who should cherish have forgotten us. It seems that a past, so calm and pure as yours, should expire with kindred sweetness about it; that flowers and music, kind friends and earnest words, should consecrate the hour when a sentiment is passing into a sacrament.

The three great stages of our being are the birth, the bridal, and the burial. To the first we bring only weakness, for the last we have nothing but dust! But here at the altar, where life joins life, the pair come throbbing up to the holy man, whispering the deep promises that arms each other's heart to help on in the life struggle of care and duty. The beautiful will be there, borrowing new beauties from the scene. The gay and the frivolous, they and their flounces will look solemn for once. And youth will come to gaze on all its sacred thoughts pant for; and age will totter up to hear the old words repeated, that to their own lives have given the charm. Some will weep over it as if it were a tomb, and some laugh over it as if it were a joke; but two must stand by it, for it is fate, not fun, this everlasting locking of their lives!

And now, can you, who have queened it over so many bending forms, can you come down to the frugal diet of a single heart? Hitherto you have been a clock giving your time to all the world. Now you are a watch, buried in one particular bosom, warming only his breast, marking only his hours, and ticking only to the beat of his heart, where time and feeling shall be in unison, until these lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock where all hearts are united around the Central Heart of all.

Hoping that calm and sunshine may hallow your clasped hands, I sink silently into a slumber.

I DON'T LIKE MY BUSINESS.—There is no greater fallacy in the world than that entertained by many young men that some pursuit in life can be found wholly suited to their tastes, whims, and fancies. This philosopher's stone can never be discovered, and every one who makes his life a search for it will be ruined. Much truth is contained in the Irishman's remark: "It's niver aisy to work hard." Let, therefore, the fact be always remembered by the young, that no life-work can be found entirely agreeable to man. Success always lies at the top of a hill; if we would reach it, we can do so only by hard, persevering effort, while beset with difficulties of every kind. Genius counts nothing in the battle of life; determined, obstinate perseverance in one single channel is everything. Hence, should any one of our young readers be debating in his mind a change of business, imagining he has a genius for some other, let him at once dismiss the thought as he would a temptation to do evil. If you think you made a mistake in choosing the pursuit of profession you did, don't make another by leaving it. Spend all your energies in working for and clinging to it, as you would to the life-boat that sustained you in the midst of the ocean. If you leave it, it is almost certain that you will go down; but if you cling to it, informing yourself about it till you are its master, bending your every energy to the work, success is cer-

tain. Good, hard, honest effort, steadily persevered in, will make your love for your business or profession grow; since no one should expect to reach such a period when he can feel that his life-work is just the one that he could have done best and would have liked the best. We are allowed to see and feel the roughness in our own pathway, but none in others; yet all have them.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

Dr. O. W. Holmes on the War.

The Fourth of July oration before the authorities of Boston, was this year delivered by Dr. O. W. Holmes. It was very able. We make a few extracts:

CIVIL WAR INEVITABLE.

The struggle in which we are engaged was inevitable; it might have come a little sooner, or a little later, but it must have come. The disease of the nation was organic and not functional, and the rough surgery of war was its only remedy.

In opposition to this view there are many languid thinkers, who lapse into a forlorn belief that if this or that man had never lived, or if this or that man had not ceased to live, the country might have gone on in peace and prosperity, till its felicity merged in the glories of millenium. If Mr. Calhoun had never proclaimed his heresies; if Mr. Garrison had never published his paper; if Mr. Phillips, the Cassandra in masculine shape of our long prosperous Ilium, had never uttered his melodious prophecies; if the silver tones of Mr. Clay had still sounded in the Senate chamber to smooth the billows of contention; if the Olympian brow of Daniel Webster had been lifted from the dust to fix its awful frown on the darkening scowl of rebellion, we might have been spared this dread season of convulsion. All this is but simple Martha's faith, without the reason she could have given: "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

They little know the tidal movements of national thought and feeling, who believe that they depend for existence on a few swimmers who ride their waves. It is not Leviathan that leads the ocean from continent to continent, but the ocean which bears his mighty bulk as it waits its own bubbles. If this is true of all the harrowing manifestations of human progress, how much more must it be true of those broad movements in the intellectual and spiritual domain which interest all mankind?

The antagonism of the two sections of the Union was not the work of this or that enthusiast or fanatic. It was the consequence of a movement in mass of two different forms of civilization in different directions, and the men to whom it was attributed were only those who represented it most completely, or who talked longest and loudest about it. Long before the accents of those famous statesmen referred to ever resounded in the halls of the Capitol; long before the Liberator ever opened its batteries, the controversy now working itself out by trial of battle, was foreseen and predicted. Washington warned his countrymen of the danger of sectional divisions, well knowing the line of cleavage that ran through the seemingly solid fabric. Jefferson foreshadowed the judgment to fall upon the land for its sin against a just God. Andrew Jackson announced a quarter of a century ago that the next pretext of revolution would be slavery. De Tocqueville recognized, with that penetrating insight which analyzed our institutions and conditions so keenly, that the Union was to be endangered by slavery, not through its interests, but through the change of character it was bringing about in the people of the two sections; the same fatal change which George Mason, more than half a century before, had declared to be the most pernicious effect of the system, adding the solemn warning, now fearfully justifying itself in the sight of his descendants; and, by an inevitable chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities. The Virginian romancer pictured the far-off scenes of the conflict which he saw approaching as the prophets of Israel painted the coming woes of Jerusalem; and the strong iconoclast of Boston announced the very year when the certain should rise on the yet unopened drama.

At last, in the fullness of time, the fruits of sin ripened into a sudden harvest of crime. Violence stalked into the Senate chamber, theft and perjury wound their way into the Cabinet, and, finally organized conspiracy, with force and arms, made burglarious entrance into a chief stronghold of the Union. That the principle which underlay these acts of fraud and violence should be irrevocably recorded with every needed sanction, it pleased God to select a chief ruler of the false Government to be its Messiah to the listening world. As with Pharaoh, the Lord hardened his heart, while he opened his mouth as of old, he opened that of the unwise animal ridden by cursing Balaam. Then spoke Mr. 'Vice-President' Stephens those memorable words which fixed forever the theory of the new social order. He first lifted a degraded barbarism to the dignity of a philosophic system. He first proclaimed the gospel of eternal tyranny as the new revelation which Providence has reserved for the Western Palestine. Hear, O heavens! and give ear O earth! The corner-stone of the new-born dispensation is the recognized inequality of the races; not that the strong may protect the weak, as men protect women and children, but that the strong may claim the authority of nature and of God to buy, to sell, to scourge, to hunt, to cheat out of the reward of his labor, to keep in perpetual ignorance, to blast with hereditary curses throughout all time, the bronzed foundling of the New World, upon whose darkness has dawned the star of the occidental Bethlehem!

After two years of war have consolidated the opinion of the slave States, we read in the Richmond Examiner: "The establishment of the Confederacy is verily a distinct reaction against the whole course of the mistaken civilization of the age. For 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' we have deliberately substituted 'Slavery Subordination, and Government.'"

With the hereditary character of the Southern people moving in one direction, and the awakened conscience of the North stirring in the other, the open conflict of opinion, was inevitable, and equally inevitable its appearance in the field of national politics. For what is meant by self-government is what a man shall make his convictions of what is right and expedient regulate the community, so far as his fractional share of the Government extends. If one has come to the conclusion, be it right or wrong, that any particular institution or statute is a violation of the sovereign law of God, it is expected that he will choose to be represented by those who share his belief, and who will, in their wider sphere, do all they legitimately can to get rid of the wrong in which they find themselves and their constituents involved. To prevent opinion from organizing itself under political forms, may be very desirable, but it is not according to the theory or practice of self-government. And if at last organized opinions become arrayed in hostile shape against each other, we shall find that a just war is only the last inevitable link in a chain of closely-connected impulses of which the original source is in Him who gave to tender, and humble, and uncorrupted souls the sense of right and wrong, which, after passing through various forms, has found its final expression in the use of material force. Behind the bayonet is the law-giver's statute, behind the statute is the thinkers argument, behind the argument is the tender conscientiousness of woman—woman, the wife, the mother—who looks upon the face of God himself reflected in the unsullied soul of infancy. 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies.' The simplest course for malcontent is to find fault with the order of Nature and the Being who established it.

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